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of the hotel. When, therefore, we learned that a trail had been spotted and an opening in the woods cut for a view, we determined to make the ascent. Did you ever follow a trail, Mr. Crayon? If so, you know something of the excitement of climbing for two hours alone through the unbroken forest, without any guide, but occasional notches on the trees. About a mile from the Glen House we came to *Nineteen mile Brook* (nineteen miles from somewhere probably). The brook is about six miles long. Another mile brought us to a tree, not spotted like the others, but entirely girdled; this, methought, means something. A want suggested that it might indicate a spring. A little search discovered one, whose delicious water was a refreshment for the short distance which was to be traversed before reaching the summit. There the woodman's axe had felled some noble trees to open a nobler prospect, and the rough logs and branches were piled up to shelter the artist who was here studying nature in this grand solitude.

The study of that hour was of serene beauty and repose, rather than of solemn grandeur. Though the highest eminences of the range were clustered there together, they were sleeping in a delicious rosy-tinted haze, such as is seldom seen in this northern latitude. The Great Gulf and Tuckerman's Ravine were flooded with a deeper hue, while a silver light played on the mountain torrents that poured down from the banks of snow which still lay deep in the great gorges. A fine contrast to this radiant scene was found in another direction, by looking down into the dark gloom of Carter's Notch; while, towards the north, the mountains and lakes of Maine presented a pleasing distant prospect.

As we were sitting near the artist, watching his work, a large eagle came sweeping down from the upper sky and alighted upon a dead tree near. He sat there for some minutes, pluming himself, and gazing around with the air of "I am monarch of all I survey." When informed, by a slight movement, of the presence of the true lords of creation, he took his flight deliberately, majestically, and somewhat disdainfully, we thought, leaving the lesser birds and tamer squirrels to gather about us unmolested.

Towards evening clouds began to gather upon the brow of Mt. Washington, and changed the whole aspect of the monarch to the deepest gloom. Low muttering thunder woke echoes from the sunlit peaks of Jefferson, Madison, and Adams, and threw them into purple shadow which deepened as the clouds gathered blackness, and at last swept over the whole group, shrouding them all in grey. We heard the roar of the rain torrent as it swept across the valley, threatening to drench us on our descent, for the lateness of the hour and the uncertainty of our way forbade us to wait the passing of the shower. It was well that we did not wait, for the rain continued through the night.

On arriving at the Glen House, we heard that SHATTUCK had just passed into the mountains from Gorham, with a young artist, Browns, of Portland, and that they intend sketching here for a season.

CARMINE.

BOOK NOTICES.

ON THE AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT—(Recent proposal for its revision).—By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D. J. S. Redfield: New York. 1858.

The author of this book is popularly known as the writer of several valuable works on language. The subject of the volume before us has excited of late a great deal of controversy; but most of the controversialists have been much more remarkable for their theological prejudices than for their philological acquirements or gifts. Dr. Trench approaches the subject with that timidity which one might expect from one of his profession addressing an English public, so jealously conservative of everything, wearing the mildew of time. We must look to the continent of Europe for a treatise on Biblical translation worthy

of the subject, and up to the advanced researches of the day. England got her Protestantism from the continent; she will also have to get her true interpretation of the Bible from the same place.

Dr. Trench, however, is very competent to deal with the subject, and no one can read this very clever volume without being both instructed and entertained. He confines himself all but exclusively to verbal criticism, and within this limited range he has pointed out a sufficiently large number of blunders in the authorized version of the Bible to warrant a thorough revision and emendation of it. He feels that this must come to pass sooner or later from the nature and extent of the agitation to which the subject has given rise. The difficulty, however, of the undertaking is in providing persons of the suitable capacity and of the right liberality of tone and temper to perform the work. Dr. Trench has no great apprehensions as to the result being favorable, if the work is properly done. He feels, however, like most Englishmen, childishly afraid of disturbing the old beaten ways of the English mind, or of turning it out of its accustomed channels, lest it unreasoning conservatism should degenerate into latitudinarian licentiousness. Yet, even through this dark dream of his, we have gleams of light much worthier a man of his learning and natural power. He thinks, perhaps, that by the fresh impulse of attention to the spirit rather than the letter of the Bible, which the English mind would receive from a rigid revision and emendation of its text, a more effective and vital faith would spring forth, and one that would work down from the mere passive assent of pious indolence to the vigorous practices of a true active Christian life.

In this we accord fully with Doctor Trench, and hope that the work will be speedily undertaken by men as competent as he is himself. The Doctor should have noticed, however that the life of a single generation is short, and that an improved translation will be as familiar to the new generation as the old was to their predecessors. Good, terse, modern English phraseology of the nineteenth century is quite as congenial to good terse piety as that of the seventeenth century, with the additional advantage of being more correct. We therefore go for a revision and emendation of the text of the Bible, but it must be the work of true artists, not tinkers.

Our friend Redfield has given this volume to the public with his accustomed typographical excellence and general correctness, and we hope the work will be read by every lover of sacred literature in the country.

THE AGE: a colloquial satire. By *Philip James Bailey*, author of *Festus*. Boston: TUCKER & FIELDS, 1858. *Author's edition*.

Here are many pungent lines, now of close didactic knitting, now of the veriest slipshod looseness. The alternation sometimes is agreeable, but a little more care of adaptation had been better. In one place we read:

All can write smoothly who can mend a pen,
The art of ushers and their little men.
To write mere verses—never mind if dull,—
Is just as easy as one's name at full.

We don't believe mere smooth writing is as easy as all that, or else a perversity to halt is but a symptom of the determined contrariness of versifiers. Our author frequently betrays himself into mere verse-making, because he finds it an easy pastime, we imagine; or else how could he spoil such a thought as